

# MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY

This is a rare collection of the prophecies of Mother Shipton. Very recently I received from a reader these remarkable verses, which I have tried to leave intact, both in the order they were translated, and in the wording. There were several lines that I already had, but were not to be found in this larger version of her works. I have included these extra lines and identified with them by surrounding them with [...]

A carriage without horse will go  
Disaster fill the world with woe.  
In London, Primrose Hill shall be  
In centre bold a Bishop's See

Around the world men's thoughts will fly  
Quick as the twinkling of an eye.  
And water shall great wonders do  
How strange. And yet i shall come true.

[Then upside down the world shall be  
And gold found at the root of tree]

Through towering bills proud men  
shall ride

No horse or ass move by his side.  
Beneath the water, men shall walk  
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall even talk.  
And in the air men shall be seen  
In white and black and even green

A great man then, shall come and go  
For prophecy declares it so.

In water, iron, then shall float  
As easy as a wooden boat  
Gold shall be seen in stream and stone  
In land that is as yet unknown.

And England shall admit a Jew  
You think this strange, but it is true  
the Jew that once was held in scorn  
Shall of a Christian then be born.

A house of glass shall come to pass  
In England. But Alas, alas  
A war will follow with the work  
Where dwells the Pagan and the Turk

These states will lock in fiercest strife  
And seek to take each others life.  
When North shall thus divide the South  
And Eagle build in Lion's mouth  
Then tax and blood and cruel war  
Shall come to every humble door.

Three times shall lovely sunny France  
Be led to play a bloody dance  
Before the people shall be free  
Three tyrant rulers shall she see.

Three rulers in succession be  
Each springs from different dynasty.  
Then when the fiercest strife is done  
England and France shall be as one.

The British olive shall next ten twine  
In marriage with a German vine.  
Men walk beneath and over streams  
Fullfilled shall be their wondrous dreams.

[All England's sons that plough the land  
Shall oft be seen with Book in hand  
The poor shall now great wisdom know  
Great houses stand in farflung vale  
All covered o'er with snow and bail]

[And now a word, in uncouth rhyme  
Of what will be in future time]

For in those wondrous far off days  
The women shall adopt a craze  
To dress like men, and trousers wear  
And to cut off their locks of hair  
They'll ride astride with brazen brow  
As witches do on broomstick now.

And roaring monsters with man atop  
Does seem to eat the verdant crop  
And men shall fly as bi rds do now  
And give away the horse and plough.

There'll be a sign for all to see  
Be sure that it will certain be.  
Then love shall die and marriage cease  
And nations wane as babes decrease  
And wives shall fondle cats and dogs  
And men live much the same as hogs.

In nineteen hundred and twenty six  
Build houses light of straw and sticks  
For then shall mighty wars be planned  
And fire and sword shall sweep the land.

[When pictures seem alive with  
movements free  
When boats like fishes swim beneath  
the sea,  
When men like birds shall scour the sky  
Then half the world, deep drenched in  
blood shall die]

For those who live the century through  
In fear and trembling this shall do.  
Flee to the mountains and the dens  
To bog and forest and wild fens.  
For storms will rage and oceans roar  
When Gabriel stands on sea and shore  
And as he blows his wondrous horn  
Old worlds die and new be born.

A fiery dragon will cross the sky  
Six times before this earth shall die  
Mankind will tremble frightened be  
for the sixth herald in this prophecy

For seven days and seven nights  
Man will watch this awesome sight.  
The tides will rise beyond their ken  
To bite away the shores and then  
The mountains will begin to roar  
And earthquakes split the plain to shore.

And flooding waters, rushing in  
Will flood the lands with such a din  
That mankind cowers in muddy fen  
And snarls about his fellow men.

He bares his teeth and fights and kills  
And secrets food in secret hills  
And ugly in his fear, he lies  
To kill marauders, thieves and spies.  
Man flees in terror from the floods  
And kills, and rapes and lies in blood  
And spilling blood by mankind's hands  
Will stain and bitter many lands

And when the dragon's tail is gone,  
Man forgets, smiles and carries on  
To apply himself - too late, too late  
For mankind has earned deserved fate.

His masked smile - his false grandeur,  
Will serve the Gods their anger stir.  
And they will send the Dragon back  
To light the sky - his tail will crack  
Upon the earth and rend the earth  
And man shall flee, King, Lord, and serf

But slowly they are routed out  
To seek diminishing water spout  
And men will die of thirst before  
The oceans rise to mount the shore.

And lands will crack and rend anew  
You think it strange. It will come true.  
And in some far off distant land  
Some men - oh such a tiny band  
Will have to leave their solid mount  
And span the earth, those few to count,

Who survives this (unreadable) and then  
Begin the human race again.  
But not on land already there  
But on ocean beds, stark, dry and bare

Not every soul on Earth will die  
As the Dragon's tail goes sweeping by  
Not every land on earth will sink  
But these will wallow in stench and stink  
Of rotting bodies of beast and man  
Of vegetation crisped on land.

But the land that rises from the sea  
Will be dry and clean and soft and free  
Of mankind's dirt and therefore be  
the source of man's new dynasty.

And those that live will ever fear  
The dragon's tail for many year  
But time erases memory  
You think it strange. But it will be.

And before the race is built anew  
A silver serpent comes to view  
And spew out men of like unknown  
To mingle with the earth now grown

Cold from its heat and these men can  
Enlighten the minds of future man.  
To intermingle and show them how  
To live and love and thus endow  
The children with the second sight.  
A natural thing so that they might  
Grow graceful, humble and when they do  
The Golden Age will start anew.

The dragon's tail is but a sign  
For mankind's fall and man's decline.  
And before this prophecy is done  
I shall be burned at the stake, at one  
My body singed and my soul set free  
You think I utter blasphemy  
You're wrong. These things have come  
to me  
This prophecy will come to be.

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*The following words were on the outer  
wrapping of the scrolls.*

I know I go - I know I'm free  
I know that this will come to be.  
Secreted this - for this will be  
Found by later dynasty

A dairy maid, a bonny lass  
Shall kick this tome as she does pass  
And five generations she shall breed  
Before one male child does learn to read.

This is then held year by year  
Till an iron monster trembling fear  
Eats parchment, words and quill and ink  
And mankind is given time to think.

And only when this comes to be  
Will mankind read this prophecy

But one man's sweet's another's bane  
So I shall not have burned in vain.

*Mother Shipton*

*This section was kept separate to the  
other and appears to have been written  
together yet was in a different jar.*

The signs will be there for all to read  
When man shall do most heinous deed  
Man will ruin kinder lives  
By taking them as to their wives.

And murder foul and brutal deed  
When man will only think of greed.  
And man shall walk as if asleep  
He does not look - he may not peep  
And iron men the tail shall do  
And iron cart and carriage too.

The kings shall false promise make  
A talk just for talking's sake  
And nations plan horrific war  
The like as never seen before  
And taxes rise and lively down  
And nations wear perpetual frown  
Yet greater sign there be to see  
As man nears latter century

Three sleeping mountains gather breath  
And spew out mud, and ice and death.  
And earthquakes swallow town and town,  
In lands as yet to me unknown.

And christian one fights christian two  
And nations sigh yet nothing do  
And yellow men great power gain  
From mighty bear with whom they've lain.

These mighty tyrants will fail to do  
They fail to split the world in two.  
But from their acts a danger bred  
An age - leaving many dead.  
And physics find no remedy  
For this is worse than leprosy.

Oh, many signs for all to see  
The truth of this true prophecy

**Born in Norfolk, England  
circa 1386-1388.  
Traditionally identified as  
Ursula South'ill (or South'iel),  
she was married at 24 years of  
age to a builder, Tony Shipton.  
Mother Shipton, as she came to  
be known, was burned at the  
stake in Clifton, circa 1449,  
aged over seventy years old.**